Petroleum V. Nasby in Europe

Mr. DAVID R. LOCKE is best known to the general reader as one of the most successful disciples of Artemus Ward. That his powers of keen observation and humorous description are quite independent of such adventitious aids as the grotesque spelling adopted in his earlier lucubrations is demonstrated by the es of travel, now published in book form, under the title of Nasby in Exile. In a large volume of nearly 700 pages, Mr. Locke has recorded his impressions of Great Britain and Ireland, France, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, and his impressions are worth recording, because the writer saw with his wa eyes, and has scrupulously refrained from introducing the ordinary guide book matter. He makes no attempt to describe scenery, buildings, and works of art, for he has the modesty to acknowledge that this has been done by travellers more capable of such work than he is. But he was interested he tells us, in the men and women of the countries he passed through; interested in their ways of living, their industries, their customs and habits, and he has tried faithfully to put upon paper what he saw. We should add that while the author has unquestionably succeeded in his chief aim of making an entertaining book a book, indeed, that may be classed in the same category with "The Innocents Abroad"-he has also furnished on some tops information of substantial value. Such are the facts gleaned by personal inspection and land question, to which we shall hereafter re-

Mr. Locke, it seems, went to the Derby on

the occasion when Iroquois beat Peregrine, and his account of the race is exceedingly amusing. The author seems to be familiar with the American turf, and asserts that horse racing in England is more fairly conducted. It is possible, however, that he goes too far in affirming that the best horse or the best jockey invariably wins. As regards betting, he admits that there is as much rescality in England as on an American course. Under the grand stand at Epsom is the betting ring, in which the bookmakers are to be found; these are portrayed by Mr. Locke as "flashy gentlemen with tall hats of painful newness and diamonds of unearthsize and lustre, which give one a comforting assurance of solvency." In America the betling ring is under the control of the associatien owning the track; but it is not so at Epsom, as a good many Americans discovered to their sorrow. It appears that one of Mr. Locke's friends, having con-Science in Iroquois, deposited ninety pounds sterling with a bookmaker, and was consequently entitled to two hundred and seventy pounds, inasmuch as Iroquois won. told that the fortunate plunger hied himself to the ring in great glee after erace in order to collect his winnings. He ted himself back to the carriage sadly. Had Peregrine won the race the bookmaker would nenestionably have been there and received gentleman smilingly; but as Iroqueis came In first he folded his tent like the Arab and as pliently stole away." Not a bookmaker, it was to be found in the ring on that oceasion. In view of such an experience, we discorn a species of grim humor in Mr. Locke's semment, that no American, unless he be

sporting man, ever goes to the Derby twice. Apropos of the British barroom, Mr. Locke notes that the English boniface does not set the bottle before his customer with the largeminded confidence evinced by the barkceping fraternity in liberal America. "Now, at home, Mr. Locke tells us he has been informed by se who frequent barrooms, "the barkeeper customer a bottle of the liquor se prefers, and the thirsty man helps himself to such quantity as he deems sufficient for the rpose immediately in view. If, for example, he is fixing himself for a common riot, he takes ecertain amount: if for a murder, more or according to how aggravated the crime is to be. A man," Mr. Locke says, "would take more to fit himself to kill his wife than he would for his mother-in-law; yet in Amerthe wife-killing draught is vended et the same moderate price as the mother-in-law annihilator." In England, on the other hand, the barmaid measures your Monor. You may have three penn'orth, four penn'orth, or six penn'orth; it is measured out to you handed to you, and you swallow it and go away. Mr. Locke remonstrated, it seems, with one British innkeeper on the absurdity and meanness of the custom. "I will show you the reasons for it," said the publican quiet-"Just then a bold Briton came in, and the ndlord directed the maid behind the bar to set down the bottle and to invite the customer to help himself after the American practice. He was an astonished Briton, but he managed o express his satisfaction at the innovation. Beiging the bottle, he poured out an ordinary dinner tumbler full, and, looking grieved because the glass was no larger, drank it off without a wink." The traveller was convinced by this experiment that barkeeping on the American plan would bankrupt the most opulent hotel keepers in England. As to the quality of the liquors con sumed in London by the lower classes, Mr Locke discovered, doubtless by experimentfor so careful an observer would not take his opinions at second hand-that they are the most execrable ever invented by the ingenuity of the haters of mankind. He says that brandy they drink is liquid lightning-chain lightning-which goes crashing through the breaking down and destroying every pulsation toward anything good The gin is the very acme, the absolute summit of vileness. There is a quarre in every gill of it, a wife beating in every pint and a murder in every quart. A smell of a glass of it nearly drove me to criminal reck-' Our traveller points out that in Rngland drunkenness does not seem to be the result either of conviviality or of desperation se it is in other countries. On the contrary, it is e one thing longed for and set deliberately about. This popular propensity was happily illustrated, as Mr. Locke reminds us, by John Leech years ago in Punck, A man was lying very drunk at the foot of a lamppost. A benevolent old lady of the Excter Hall school. seeing him, called a cabman. "The poor man is sick," quoth the kindly dame; "why don't you help him?" Sick, is he," replied cabby, sick! don't I vish I'ad but 'arf of vot ails him. While in Paris, Mr. Locke inspected the now

extinct Jardin Mabille, and his description of it is worth reading, though, for intense and perfectly unconscious humor, nothing can pretend to vie with the account given by Mrs Harriet Beecher Stowe thirty years ago. Mrs. Stowe visited the garden, and has recorded, in choice language, the profound impression the scene made upon her lively fancy. "There are countless forms," she wrote, "of symmetry and grace, faces of wondrous beauty; there too, are feats of agility and elasticity quite The author concludes her rapturous description of the cancan by assuring us that it presents" a scene where earthliness is worked up into a style of sublimation the most exquisite conceivable. Aside from the impropriety inherent in the very nature of waltzing, there was not a word, look, or gesture of immorality or impropriety. The dresses were all decent and if there was a vice, it was vice masked ander the gaise of polite propriety." Strange that a person who in the life of Lord Byron could detect so much that still remains invisible to other eyes, should have perceived so little cause for moralizing at the Mabilie. Is it possible that the traveller desired to excuse

her presence in the garden? It is, as we have said, the chapters in which Mr. Locke recounts what he saw in Ireland that we have examined with most interest. Of Cork he tells us that you shall observe more feminine beauty on the streets in an hour than you cau see anywhere else in a week. women there are none-beautiful women are so numerous that it really becomes monotonous. One rather gets to wishing that he could occasionally see a pair English feet for the sake of vamety." The Irish peasant girl, we are told else-

where, is always comely, and properly clothed and fed would be beautiful. But she has no gown of woollen stuff-a cotton slip, without underelothing of any kind, makes up her costume. Mr. Locke assures us that the comfortable stockings and stout shoes, and the red kerchief about her neck, which she is made to wear in pictures, are entirely apoeryphal. "Were my lord's agent to see such clothing upon a girl, he would immediately raise the rent upon her father, and keep on raising it till be was certain that shoes and stockings would be impossible." Neither does the Irish peasant girl dance Pat down at rustic balls, for the sufficient reason that there are no balls. And, moreover when the day's hard work is done, she is glad enough to creep into her wretched bed of dried leaves, and pull over her the potato sack which constitutes her sole covering, and, soothed to sleep by the gruntings of the pigs, her companions, to forget rent and landlords, and go off into the land of happiness which to her is America.

The sale sales when the

We hear a great deal about the intemperance of the Irish people. Mr. Locke, however, was present at a mass meeting organized by the Land League and comprising not less than 100,000 people, and he saw but three drunken men in the whole of the vast throng. Much again is said about the Irish propensity to brawle, yet on this occasion, though the pec ple were wild with enthusiasm, there was not single fight. Even in the case of evictions Mr. Locke found that as a rule there is no vio lence, no shooting, or mobbing on the part of the ejected tenant-the only obstacle encountered being the difficulty experienced since the institution of the Land League in obtaining a new occupant. The relation of the Irish farmer to his landlord in the south and west of the island-the situation of the descendants of the English and Scotch settlers in Ulster is, of course, very different-is thus defined by the The occupant has no lease; he is a simple tenant at will; he holds a farm at the good pleasure of his landlord; his life is in the hands of a dissolute secundrel who has no brains, backed by a dissolute secondrel in the form of an agent who ha brains, and both of these secondrels are backet by the bayonets of the British Government. And again: "The farmer of Cork and Timer ary has nothing to say about himself, his wife or his children. If the son of the thief who stole his land loses money at bacarat in Paris, he telegraphs the other thief, his agent, that he wants money, and the secondary thief, who has percentage in the robbery, goes about among the tenants and raises the rent." Mr. Locke gives an illustration of the power

of the landlord over his tenant which occurre

upon the estate of Lord Leitrim, who was sub

sequently murdered for a cause mentioned this volume-a cause which, from the time of Lucretia to our own, has been held to go far to justify assassination. It appears that Lord Leitrim had an industrious ten-ant, whose farm he had long been coveting, but which, owing to the excited feeling of the country, he did not venture to take by force. He accordingly sought and found a legal pretext. An Irish tenant is not permitted by the paternal Government unde which he starves to make any improvement without the consent of the landlord. He can not build an addition to his cabin, cannot dig ditch, without permission. This is the lette. of the law, but it has never been enforced, for in the nature of things the tenant would not do more than was profitable to himself for an improvement of the land which would inevita bly inure to the enrichment of the land lord, since the latter does not fail to raise the rent with every improvement made. Now Lord Leitrim's tenant needed a ditch, pre paratory to the reclamation of a bog behind it, and he had been devoting all his spare time for two years to digging it. He could have no reason to suppose that my lord would object to his reclaim ing the bog. But Mr. Locke goes on to tell us that one Saturday Mike was working in the ditch up to his knees in water, when my lord came riding by. The latter saw his opportunity. He knew the law. "What are you doing? he asked. "Making the fdrain, sor," Mike proudly, for it was a big job he had undertaken with his two hands. "Who gave you per mission to make a ditch on my land?" demanded Lord Leitrim. "My fine fellow, you have that dirt all back by Monday morning, or out you go." Mike saw the trap he had fallen into Before striking a spade into the earth he should have gone to my lord's agent and got permission. As it was, ejectment was inevitable, for he had furnished the landlord with a legal excuse for robbing him of years of labor. The next morning, however, he went to the chapel and told his story to the priset. The sermen that day was a very short one, and mainly devoted to Mike's case. At its retains its hold not only upon sentimentalists. conclusion the priest asked every man in the parish to come at once with his spade and help to put that earth back. They came, thousands of them, and they wrought with will, and long before Monday morning the drain was filled up as smoothly as possible. When Lord Leitrim came riding by again to see the drain and give orders for Mike's eviction he found that his seemingly impossible condi tion had been fulfilled as if by fairles.

By way of explaining what landlordism in Ireland really means, Mr. Locke condenses the history of the barony of Farney, which was granted to Lord Essex in 1606, and leased by him for a yearly rent of £250. Now, it is undis puted that they who profited by this confiscacation and their descendants have never put penny upon this tract. They have never dug a ditch, removed a stone, or cut a square foot of bog. The cabins in which the tenantry have lived they built for themselves, and every improvement, great and small, they made with their own capital and labor. In spite of such facts, the process of swindling, robbing, spolia tion, and plunder has gone on until this estate, which began with yielding £250 in 1606, now yields the enormous revenue of £60,000. Another suggestive case of landlordism is exhibited in the estate which Boyle, a notorious horse thief and forger, bought from Raleigh for £500. One small portion of this estate, now owned by the Duke of Devonshire, who is one of the horse thief's descendants, yields at present an annual income of £30,000.

Mr. Locke did not confine his observations of land troubles to Ireland, though it was, of course, in Ireland that he observed the worst ondition of affairs. But he thinks that England will experience, within a very few years, an almost equally violent land agitation. He says that farming in England does not pay much better than in Iroland, and the reason for it, in both cases, is summed up in the one word rent. In Bedfordshire, Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, and Cambridgeshire there are bundreds upon hundreds of farms vacant. One farm he saw was a good piece of land comprising 280 acres. But it was growing up to thistics. Why? Because the rent has been screwed up by successive owners to £400 a year, a demand which the most strenuous labor and pinching economy cannot meet.

To return for a moment to Mr. Locke's lighter vein, let us hear what he has to say about "Two English nuisances, dress and Before going to Europe the author had tipa." been told that he "could get in London any clothes you want at half the money, and then you have the style, you know." This assertion he pronounces a monstrous falsification, and avers that quality considered, clothing is no cheaper in London than in New York. Headmits that you can buy at a tolerably fashionable shop in London a freek coat, trousers, and walstcoat for five pounds, which looks very cheap to one who has been in the babit of paying three times as much for the same clothing in New York or Boston. But the author de clares that there is nothing cheap in the transaction but the material and making of the suit. The cloth is flimsy, the linings are of the thinnest and slaziest tissues, there are no stays to the pockets, no re-enforcing to the seat, no leather on the inside of the bottoms of the trousers. The freek coat is so loose that when you draw the lanels together you flad yourself able to button the

right-hand one on the left-hand shoulder, the

the waistcoat climbs up the back of your neck to the ears. Mr. Locke sums up his experience by pronoancing the English tailor the most de stable cloth butcher on the globe; but the comment which some readers will make upon his verillet, is that while his remarks, are doubtless applicable to the mass of English tailors, they reveal to the expert that the traveller did not try Poole.

The English system of tipping also seemto have given our author much offence. He found that in an English hotel you contract for your room at so much a day, it being explained to you that you may order your meals from a bill of fare, on which the price of each dish is set down opposite its name. You now imagine that know precisely what you have to pay, and take your seat at the table, but on rising you discover that the waiter must have a shilling Getting to your room, you want a pitcher o water and the servant who beings it waits till you give him sixpence. You take a drink and pay for it, but the servant who brings it expects, and manages to get, threepence. The boy who cleans your boots wants sixpence, the chambermaid who sweeps your room wants a shilling, the boy who goes down to see whether you have any letters demands sixpence, and although you have, in this way, paid exorbitant prices for each and every bit of service you have received, nevertheless when your bill is rendered, you find the exast perating item, "Attendance four days, eight shillings." You pay it, trusting that at last you are done with this species of extortion: "As you leave the hotel there stands the entire retinue of servants, the boots, the chambermaid, the bar man, the bell boy, all with their hands extended, and every one ex pecting a parting shower of small coin." Mr. Locke's observations convinced him that the Euglish innkeeper makes out his bill in the beolute assurance that he will never see his guest again. "I have orated much." says the author, "against the American hotel clerk, with his diamond pin and his cool insolence but I shall do it no more. He is a babe in arms compared with his English brother.

A Sequel to " Ecce Home."

In a volume entitled Natural Religion, the Messrs. Roberts have published a series of papers in which Prof. SEELEY undertakes to answer the questions, How far does the prevalent ncredulity extend? and What course ought to be adopted if its case were completely made good? Here, as in his famous monograph, Ecce Homo," the author starts from the fundamental position that alike in politics and eligion there are truths outside the region of party debate, and that these truths are more mportant than the contending parties would easily be induced to believe. He seems to have been prompted to the composition of these essays by a desire to protest against the fatal propensity to exaggerate differences, the taste or discord which would gratify itself, even when discord is ruinous, and the craving for exitement which would rather make life a tragedy than see it deprived of all dramatic interest. He argues that not theology as such, nor religion as such, but both only so far as they are founded on supernaturalism, are attacked by modern philosophy. He admits that an age of progressive discovery cannot regard a sysem two thousand years old with the undis criminating reverence of medicivalism which ooked up to all things in antiquity as superior to itself. He concedes that we must needs r gard the Bible and the creeds as archaic in form. But he contends, on the other hand that we may easily regard them as true in substance, or as presenting grand outlines or foregleams of truth, since, indeed, the modern way of thinking is especially historical, and ppreciates the past all the more as it does justice to the future.

Prof. Seeley would have the orthodox Chrisian face once, for all, the truth that the great views of the universe, upon which States and forms of civilization rest, are partial and provisional, however persistently and loudly they may assert themselves to be final. But he would have the scientist realize as completely, on the other hand, that States really do rest upon such wide views of the universe, and not ipon nothing at all, so that the decay of a great religion involves a revolution of incalculable nagnitude. He insists that we are driven, not by any sentimental weakness but by the feeling that society, that the coherence and vitality of civilization, have claims upon us as well as abstract truth, to the conclusion that "new and old must not be allowed to meet and clash like armed foes, but all reasonable means should be tried to graft the new upon the old." It is urged that at least in Eagland and America such a process of development is still posbut upon a vast number of calm and serious minds.

Buch a reform, according to Prof. Seeley nust rest upon the principle that as Chris tianity was wider than Judaism, so the religion of the present age must be wider than Christianity; but at the same time, as Christianity did not renounce Judaism, so our religion must not renounce Christianity. It is alleged here that by reviving the Hebrew doc trine of development the Christian priest may recover a great part of his lost ground. For of the new knowledge, the new views of the uni verse, of man and of the history of man, which have opened upon us, by far the larger part only additional to our established Christianity and by no means opposed to it. The monkis asceticism and horror of nature against which art protests, the dread of free inquiry which seems so contemptible to science—these fea-tures of religion are not to be found in the original Christianity. Indeed, Prof. Sceley would rather designate them as the vices which mark the failure of Christianity to adapt itsel to new and trying conditions. He can see no reason why Christianity should not now recognize views of life which are really kindred t its own, though they were beyond the Hebrey culture of its first preachers.

There is an obvious objection to the assimi ation of science by Christianity, which is, of course, not overlooked by the author of "Ecc Homo." The difficulty which the modern world feels in dealing with its ancient religion is that this religion is believed to be mistaker in the most important points. Its fundamental statement, upon which avowedly its whole system is built, is itself now maintained to b untrue. For what was originally and what is still essentially the Gospel but the announment that Jesus was risen from the dead Now it is the prevalent opinion among thos who are most penetrated with the modern spirit that Jesus did not rise from the dead What is to be done in this dilemma by those who would fain hold themselves at liberty to reject miracle and yet avoid the abyss which they fear would be left on the disappearance o the ancient religion of Christendom?

Prof. Seeley would solve this difficulty by exeising firmly and frankly the supernatural ele ment from Christianity. He insists that the very failure of Christianity is due to the un natural stress it lays upon a future life. He affirms that the vision of the future life cher ished by the orthodox Christian is far too dis tinet and mythological-that by the side of such a vision everything historical, all the destiny of States and nations, fades away, and men b come quietists, if not monks. A religion arise "is intensely personal, if not selfish which does not, like the religion of the Old Testament, accompany history, interpret every historical change, and, in fact, make timchange, and development its subject matter but contemplates fixed objects, and 'forgets itsel' to marble' in contemplating them." In short Prof. Scoley would adapt to the wants of the present age the original Judate religion, while t will be remembered, was essentially politically eal and social, and in which the super natural element played a subordinate part, The supernaturalism of the early Hebrew faith was chiefly exhibited in its doctrine o prophecy, and Prof. Seeley thinks it would be practicable to revive prophecy in the form of a philosophy of history. But we hear it said that if we strip religion of its supernaturalism, if we

trousers hang about your legs like bags, and give up the life beyond the grave, we shall have nothing left but mere morality and mere philosophy. Prof. Seeley denies that this is so, since even when supernaturalism has been eliminated religion is still inseparably intertwined with politics and history, Such was the case in Judsa, and the Hebrew nation at its healthiest and strongest, had no belief in

> The type of religion which is commended in this volume is one that would not broad over a future life, but be intensely occupied with the resent. It would not surmise something ! hind onture, but contemplate nature itself. It would not worship a power which is imagine to suspend natural law, but the power which is exhibited in those laws. It would not shrink from political organization, but be itself the soul of all healthy political organization. It would not damp felicity, but be itself the principle of all rich enjoyment; it would not be self-conscious or self-absorbed, nor make us anxious about our own fate but be the principle which destroys self and gives us strength to rise above personal anxieties. Undoubtedly, Prof. Seeley's view of religion be right. many mediaval saints must have been wrong and it is one object of these essays to demonstrate how, for long periods, strangely foreign elements have been blended with Christianity. But he contends that after all not much less than this was asserted at the Reformation, and that if he has here abandoned the medieval ideal it has been discarded for that put forward by the Hebrew prophets down to the very end of the Hebrew period of religion. For their religion was social, political, and historical, and supernaturalism was not the main spring of it.

Rambles in Norway.

We have lately had a large amount of literature relating to Scandinavian travel, and although no venture in this direction deserver comparison with Du Chaillu's elaborate work the reader will find it worth while to examine some unpretentious sketches entitled Three in Norway (Philadelphia, Porter & Coates). This little volume is a reprint of a narrative published by three English tourists who left England in the early part of July, fished their way up a string of lakes into the Jotunfield, getting re in time for the commencement of the reindoer season, and who subsequently undertook a pretty thorough exploration of this interesting and little known mountain district We may remind the reader that the Jotunfield is an extensive range of the highest moun tains to be found in northern Europe, that before 1820 the tract was totally unexplored, and that to the present time it remains perfectly wild and desolate, its summits being covered with eternal ice, and even its valleys being uninhabited. We should add that the part of the Jotunfield which this party selected for its headquarters is nearly equidistant from

Trondhjem and from Christiania. This little book will prove particularly ac eptable to sportsmen, for the authors seem to have been experts with the gun and rod, and their lucid, minute, and enthusiastic descriptions read like chapters from a novel by Frank Forrester. According to their report, the Jotunfield is the best place for trout fishing and deer stalking in Europe. Of the Norse manners and customs we hear little, because as we have said, the district which was the se travellers is almost entirely un peopled. On the way, however, to and from the scene of their adventures, they had reason. like other tourists, to note the primitive sim plicity of Norse manners and the genial expansiveness of Norse hospitality

A Life of John C. Calbonn

One of the latest additions to the series of biographies entitled "American Statesmen" is A Life of John C. Calhoun, by Dr. H. Von Houst (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The author has produced a work which is likely to please men of all parties, for while he is himself an advocate of a national system as opposed to an Inordinate development of State rights, he fully recognizes the magnitude of the part played by Calhoun on the stage of American politics. He admits; that as the years roll on the fame of Daniel Webster is gradually growing dimmer, whereas the name of Cal-houn has a yet lost but little of the lustre with which it glowed toward the end of the first half of this century. He finds the explanation of this fact in the circumstance that Calhoun was in a far higher degree than any of his contemporaries the representative of an idea. This idea, moreover, was the pivotal point on which the history of the United States turned from 1819 to nearly the end of the first century of the republic's existence. From about 1830 to the day of his death in March, 1850, Calhoun may be called the very impersonation of the

slavery question. Of Calhoun the man, as distinguished from the statesman. Dr. Von Holst finds little to nar rate. It appears that even his contemporaries. with the exception of his nearest neighbors, did not know much of his private or domestiaffairs. The newspapers of the time and the private letters of his co-actors on the public stage recount hardly anything of the personal relations and home life of the man whose jight-est public utterance was at one time listened to with eagerness by a whole nation. We hear that he was a just and kind master to his slaves, that he was possessed of an uncommon talent for conversation, and that he exercised an especial fascination upon young men.

John Caldwell Calhoun was born in the Ab beyville district, South Carolina, March 18, 1782. His father, Patrick Calhoun, who died while John was still a boy, seems to have been a small farmer, and his mother was the daughter of a Presbyterian emigrant from Ireland. Neither on his father's nor on his mother's side did he represent the class of great planters of whose interests he was to be the chief advo cate. He would have been obliged to content himself with a common school education, but for his brother-in-law. Dr. Waddell, through whose assistance he was prepared for college. and enabled to enter Yale, where he was graduated at the age of 22. After graduation he devoted ome three years to the study of law, half of which time was spent at the law school in Litchfield, Connecticut. The biographer is doubtless, right in ascribing to his prolonged sojourn in New England a marked influence on the formation of those nationalisopinions which he held in the beginning of his colitical career, and which differed so widely from the theories he afterward embraced. Having returned to Abbeyville, he began to practise law, and was presently sent by his district to the State Legislature. It would seem that he promptly designated on this small stage his fitness for a larger one, for in 1811, being then 29 years old, he was elected a member of Congress. In the same year he married his cousin Fiorida Calhoun, who was possessed of a modest fortune, without which he would probably have been unable to abandon permanently a professional career for politics.

Dr. Von Holst points out that the time when Calhoun entered Congress was singularly favorable for young men of good abilities. The ranks of the Revolutionary patriots had become so thinned that the representatives of a new ger eration could grasp the helm without having t encounter the opposition of long acknowledge authority. It so happened also, that among the newcomers on the political stage were some exceptionally young men possessed of much higher order of talent than most of their eniors, so that the leadership of the nation in a great crisis fell into the hands of untried men who had hardly reached maturity, ye who were fully conscious of their own power and worth, and who were impelled by a toned pride and ardent patriotism. The general elections for the Twelfth Congress had resulted in favor of the party which desired war with Great Bri-It was principally due to the Speakership, and for the same reason the Spoaker awarded the second place on the Committee on Foreign Relations to the new member from South Carolina. It appears that the nominal Chairman virtually made over his functions to Mr. Calhoun, who is said to have in it, at least that interest had to be purely aca-

written the report on that part of the President's message which related to foreign affairs Thus the first act of Calboun on the national stage was to sound the war trumpet, and week or two afterward he defended against John Randolph the bellicose resolutions proposed by the committee, which were specilly followed by the passing of an embargo bill, and not long afterward by a declaration of war.

It is noteworthy that at this period the word

nation." which Calhoun in later years sought

the United States, was frequently in his mouth His solicitude, moreover, for national, as distinguished from sectional interests, did not cease with the war against Great Britain, nor was it confined to objects immediately connected with that struggle. In a speech delivered in January, 1816, he distinctly declared himself in favor of internal improvements; he desired great permanent roads to be built at th public cost, and urged the measure upon Congress, because the building of such highways would tend not only to promote the safety of the country in future wars, but to nationalize the Union. It is remarkable that in the whole course of this speech there was no mention made whatever of the Constitution. The thought does not seem to have yet entered his head that constitutional objections could be raised to the execution of internal improvements at the expense of the national reasury. Equally surprising is the fact that in he same mouth and year he supported a bill to incorporate a United States bank, having, ecording to his own statement, deliberately come to the conclusion that Congress had the constitutional power to create such an institution. Dr. Von Holst, in short, demonstrates that, with regard to all the great economical problems which were soon to deeply agitate the country, Callioun held exactly the op posite ground to that which he afterward occupied on the question of constitutionality as well as on that of expediency. The charge of inconsistency cannot, therefore, be refuted in the judgment of the biographer who, however, does not doubt that the South Carolina statesman was as sincere at the later as at the earlier epoch. But, while we may admit that the marked change in his utterances did but reflect an honest revolution in his convictions, it is not the less curious to find in the ast great speech which he delivered in the House of Representatives such remarks as these: "I am no advocate for refined arguments on the Constitution. The instrument was not intended as a thesis for the logician to exercise his ingenuity on. It ought to be construed with plain good sense." He goes on to argue that the practice of the Government afforded "better vidence of the true interpretation of the Constitution than the most refined and subtle arguments"-a position which he subsequently assailed with the greatest vehemence.

Dr. Von Holst passes somewhat hastily over the first part of Calboun's public life, which, beginning with his successful debut in the ower House of Congress, comprised his term of service as Secretary of War in the Monroe Cabinet, and the two terms for which he was lected to the Vice-Presidency. For a while after the Presidential election of 1828 it ooked as if Calhoun was likely to reach the White House, it being generally understood that Jackson did not intend to be a candidate for redlection. But in fact, so far as this wish was concerned, his star had already passed its enith. The personal relations between Jackson and Calhoun were no longer so friendly as they were supposed to be, and the double programme on which the General had been elected led the Vice-President to look on him with a certain distrust. This feeling was fully reciprocated by Jackson, but probably open quarrel might have be ed had not Calhoun considered it his duty to take the lead in the determined opposition against Jackson's attempt to force Mrs. Eaton upon Washington society. Van Buren, on the other hand, ingratiated himself with the President by paying his court to Mrs. Eaton, and, in the end, managed to make himself Jackson's candidate for the succession to which Calhoun

believed himself entitled. Calhoun's disappointment was unquestion ably very bitter, but, according to Dr. Von Holst, they strangely misjudge the man who attribute to it the terrible energy with which he henceforth pursued the course upon which he had entered in his first great political manifesto, the so-called South arolina Exposition. "He was not driven, his blographer thinks, "by disappointed ambition into a sectional policy with a view to tearing the Union agunder in order to besome the chief of one-half because he could not be the chief of the whole. Slavery had split the Union into two geographical sections, and, in spite of everything man could do, the rent was destined to widen into a chasm, and the chasm nto an abyss. That was not the work of Calhoun, but the unavoidable consequence of the fact that the Union was composed of free and slave-holding States." Dr. Von Holst insists that the only effect of the disappointment of Calhoun's ambition was the quick dispersion of the mist which had hitherto been lying over his eyes, as over those of the whole people. The shackles of minor considerations and peronal interest fell from his limbs. Embittered, but free, he henceforth pursued his course. forming alliances without heeding the claims of old or new party connections, and not afraid to encounter the enmity of any one -never ceasing to love and cherish the Union, but learning to love slavery better and better, "Not for the world," says the bi-ographer, "would be have betrayed his country, and even slavery could not turn him into a dark conspirator. Those who like Senator Benton honestly imputed to him such intentions, stumbled into an egregious blunder, because, in spite of their keen-sightedness, they remained blind to the fact that the wedlock he tween slavery and freedom could not be a lasting one." Dr. Von Holst sums up his remarks upon this tople by pronouncing it not Calioun's crime, but his misfortune, that there came a time when he saw everything relating to slavery with such appailing clearness, discerning with unerring eye the last consequences at the first glance.

Two-thirds of this volume is devoted to Calhoun's career in the Senate, when he stood forth no longer as an aspirant for Presidential ionors, but as the representative of a great idea-that extreme deduction from the theory of State rights which asserted the right of a State in the last resort to nullify an act of Congress. The biographer shows how, from the seginning to the end of the long struggle up which Calhoun now entered, he was candid and outspoken, understanding too thoroughly the real nature of the crisis to approve of hiding the depth of the antagonism between slavery and freedom. He saw as clearly as Mr. Seward, and much earlier, that the conflict was irrepressible. He shares with the abolitionist the merit of having always probed the wound to the bottom, without heeding in the least the protesting shricks of the pa tient. The return of the left wing of the Northern Democracy into the service of the slaveholding aristocracy was acknowledged by him with a gracious smile, but he spurned the cunning devices which made the bitter morse. paintable to the peace-craving masses. As his immediate purposes were served by it he re ceived with satisfaction the aunouncement that the reintegration of the Democratic party would be effected upon the basis of his doctrinof "non-interference," But Dr. Von Holst contends that no blame rosts upon Calhoun for the fact that it was a rounion over the quick sand of a conscious falsehood, becausnon-interference " na understood the Northern Democrats, had nothing in common with the "non-interference" d manded by him and the Southern radical When Cass and Dickinson proclaimed the do trine of squatter sovereignty, the endgel of position toward this overshadowing question | Calboun's logic smashed their sophisms in that the young Henry Clay owed his election to atoms. Calhoun's doctrine made it a solemn constitutional duty of the United States Government and of the American people to act as the Territories did not concern them in the least. If they could not help taking an interest

demical, as if the Territories had been situated on some distant planet. By Calhoun the question was not allowed to be a practical question at all.

Yet the fact was that North and South Yet the fact was that North and South were perfectly agreed in considering it the one question. In comparison with which everything clae was as nothing. Thus, as is pointed out by his biographer. Calbour's theory and the facts classical in a most gretosque and irreconclibile manner and in such a conflict between theory and facts we can see that the former must always yield even although we should accept Calbour's assumption that his theory is written in giant letters all over the Constitution. "No people," says Dr. Von Holst in the concluding chapter of this volume—"no people with the lenar vestige of political vitality ever will or can turn their backs upon a question which they consider of paramount importance to their whole fature, because a paper Constitution says that the matter must not be touched ever so lightly with a single finger." It was in this way that Thaddens Stevens used to argue when advocating the reconstruction resolutions. Dr. Von Holst adds, with special reference to the fatility of the work to which Calbour gave the ripost years of his life: "And if the Constitution does not say so much in so many words, but only an endless string of hotly contested assertions, deductions, and conclusions leads to this result." then the sole effect of the impressive logical demonstration will be that another huge monument of human folly has been erected." Yet the fact was that North and South o strike from the constitutional dictionary of

Unpublished Letters of George Sand.

The second installment of the Correspondance de George Sand (Paris, Calmann Lavy) covers the period between July, 1836, and the close of the year 1848. Of these letters, as of those published in the preceding volume, the same remark may be made, viz., that the principle of selection is undiscoverable. The reader will encounter here many phrases and some sentences which a friendly hand would have suppressed, for they exhibit the author in an un eemly déshabille, and revent a shocking coarseness of sentiment. On the other hand, it seems incredible that a compiler who desired to exhibit Mme. Dudevant just as she was could have found among the materials at his command almost nothing bearing on the most interesting episodes of her private life, as, for example, her relations with De Musset and Chopin. The omissions in the present volume are particularly exasperating, for we seem continually on the eve of some frank dis-closure, and yet are incessantly disappointed. Many of these letters are written from the island of Majorca, whither George Sand and Chopin went for an idylife sojourn, but the reader not made acquainted with the facts from other sources would mistake the narrative for the journal of an invalid and his nurse. It would seem that a journey with George Sand was apt to be fatal to her lovers. De Musset fell ill in Italy, and Chopin was attacked so grievously by consumption in Majorea that it was scarcely pos sible to remove him from the island. It seems that pulmonary troubles had never been known among the natives, who accordingly regarded a consumptive person with superstitious hor ror, supposing his disease to be infectious, a no tion, by the way, which some modern scientists think not without foundation. The result was that, after the nature of Chopin's maindy wa known, it was impossible to obtain a servant, nor would any of the Majorcans approach the house in which the patient lay. George Sand, consequently, had to cook, wash, sweep, and do all the household work, besides waiting on the invalid; and this while the money on which they lived had to be earned from day to day by the production of a certain amount of manuscript for the Revue des Deux Mondes The publisher, M. Buloz, made it a rule never to send remittances until he had the manu script in his hands, and George Sand, though at times she chafes a little under his firmness does not deny that in the long run the rule worked well for all parties.

The noble side of George Sand's character is evealed to us whenever she speaks of her two children. The situation of these children was, of course, a very painful one, the parents being separated, but it is clear that Mme. Dudovant, at all events, had loyally refrained from any at tempt to prejudice them in her own favor. It would seem that others were less judicious, for in November, 1836, she writes to her husband as follows: "I assure you that a great fault. I might even say a great crime, was committed in telling this child (she refers to her son Maurice what he ought not to know. . . For my own part, I can conscientiously aver that I always tried to make him divide his affections equally between you and me. At present our personal quarrels are no longer in question. What concerns us is a matter of preëminent importance—the health of our child. In heaven's name, do not make him the object of a rivalry which would excite his sensibilities already too keen; just as I encourage him in his fondness for you do not you check him in his fondness for me. Come and see him here as often as you like. If it is disagreeable for you is meet me, nothing is easier than to avoid it. For my own part, I have no such repugnance. The condition in which I find Maurice silences every other feeling, but the wish to calm him and care him morally and physically. Second me; you love your son as much as I love him; spare him emotions which he is not strong enough to bear. Were I to speak ill of you to him I should do him a great deal of harm. Let the precaution be reciprocal.

These entreaties had no effect on M. Dudevant, who was so little disposed to imitate the loyal conduct of his wife in respect of their children that, as we learn in a letter written in August, 1837, he chose the hour while George Sand was watching by her nother's deathbeit to attempt the abduction of her son, and a month later he actually succeeded in abducting the daughter, who, however, was restored to her mother by the authorities.

We hear in these letters a good deal about tobace, for George Sand was a great smoker, quarrels are no longer in question. What con-

ing the daughter, who, however, was restored to her mother by the authorities.

We hear in these letters a good deal about fobacco, for George Sand was a great smoker, having adopted the habit, apparently, as well as that of coffee drinking, in order to enable her the better to work late at night. At one period covered by this volume she was in the morning. She was, indeed, a veritable slave of the pen. She received what was then considered a very high price for her copy, and, looking at the purchasing power of money at the time, we must pronounce her carnings very large; but she had so many calls upon her, and was of a disposition so free and generous, that she seems to have been siways in arrears, always toling to get out of debt. An extraordinary woman, certainly this, whose essentially robust and virile qualities are revealed to us in her private correspondence. With the exception of the maternal instinct, there seems to be nothing femining about her, but she displays the most engaging and admirable traits which men prize in a comrade. Could she have had a man's education, she would have written like a man, by which we do not mean to say that she would have written like a man, by which we do not mean to say that she would have written better. As it is, she says many true things, but she reaches them by intuition, and therefore does not always convince her audience. There is not, as she herself points out, a single syllogism in all her works, though she was the most voluminous writer of her time, with the single exception of the elder Dumas. she was the most voluminous writer of her with the single exception of the elder Dun

Advice to Would-be Journalists. From the Middletown Transcript, Four hundred dollars per year is said to be e average salary said to the editors, reporters, and rinters of the United States engaged on newspaper work. Young man, you who are longing to join the band of public opinion moulders, just think of that. Four hundred dollars a year for the best slice out of your life! Hadn't you better stick to the farm, the counting room, or learn a good trade, that, when you become tol-erably proficient in it, will pay you remunerative wages ! Hundreds have learned that " moulding public. opinion" is a mighty poor business. Moulding stove lids pays much better, and den't cause half the wear and tear on the moulder's system. A good many people hink newspaper work is just as easy as falling down on ice, or finding a girl's lips in the dark. We used to think so ourself, but that was when we neve a ligger fool than we are now. We knew a young man once, out West, who for two years longed for a place on a news-paper as reporter, and at last he got it. The first day he was required to report a horse race, a temperatice meeting, and a fire seven miles out of town. After he had done all this the managing editor told him he might write a Washington latter, giving a summary of the political situation at the national capital, and then h could go out and get some points on the pork market for the next dan's paper. He wanted to know of the manag-ing editor how in the dread future he could write a Washington letter at a point 714 miles from the ma thinst capital, and when he had never been there in his life. The managing editor couldy replied that "if he couldn't write a letter from any point in the known world on fifteen minutes' notice, he'd better quit the newspaper business before he distraced it." He reconting house stool, and his old time, independent ten dollars a week air, and never assed to be a journalis gain. Some men seem to be born to do newspaper cors, and they will do it if they have to live on cold hash and button their coat up to their chin while their mly shirt is in the wash. And they will be just as too, as the son in law of a monopolist with a bad They would never be contented in any other alling even if it paid them ten thousand dollars a year and fire wood. All others should keep out of the jour-

THE GOLD MINING TRAMPS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

IN THE MEDICINE BOW RANGE, Aug. 5 .-There are many men in the Rocky Mountains whose lives are passed in wandering through the dense forests and frosty valleys of these rugged highlands. During the summer they tow with heavy rope an obstinate donkey, preferably a white, sad-faced donkey, or a wise pony, latten with provisions and the tools used in prospecting for placer mines. During the arctic winters they glide over the surface of the deep snow on long, narrow boards, curved in front as sled runners, and concave on the nder side, old-fashioned skates known as Norwegian snow shoes, visiting their beaver traps; or they tramp over the barren, windswept foothills, searching for the bodies of nch greedy, credulous wolves or bears as may have eaten of the feast of strychaine-imprognated mest prepared for them. These men have no families. They are pos-

sessed of a spirit of unrest. The desire for

change, the love of solitude, rather than the

hope of gain, animates them. They selden

earch for leads; indeed, they have a hearty contempt for hard rock mines and miners, They like to live alone in a rude hut standing indera spreading pine by the bank of a mountain trout brook. They will not work for other nen unless hunger compels them, or poverty has entailed a dearth of cartridges. They trap. they hunt, they placer mine, they prospect, They undertake long, ardaous tours, apparently aimlessly wandering through the forests. They are always going to the Snowy Range. They build huts in localities widely separated. On the shore of Trout Lake, lying behind the mighty second range, is one hut. At the base the perpetual snow, where the elk graze during the summer, will be another. On the banks of a creek where beaver are numerous. the creek being regarded as a private game preserve, will be another. And in the valley where he winters, and which he claims is "a good meat and wolf ground," will be an other hut. In these men the qualities of hunter, trapper, gold miner, and tramp are combined. They know the mountains thoroughly and love them. Their earnings depend on the price of fur and on the yield of their placer mines. Their happiness depends only on their freedom. Their annual earnings will probably average about \$400 each. I know an instance where they reached \$3,000; but this was a winter of a famous beaver catch, on a Montana creek, where the laws of a tran had never before snapped, and where the wolves were hungry for strychnine. The unineky, ex-it may be the lazy, may not earn more than enough to buy the cheapest clothing and a scanty supply of bacon and flour for the winter's use. This they supplement with generous rations of elk, deer, antelope, and beaver meat: indeed, it is on the fiesh of game animals these men generally depend for food. Buccessful or unsuccessful in trapping and mining, they entry upon the winter in about the same condition of financial bankruptcy. If successful, after selling their furs and gold dust, and buying supplies for the winter's use, as they tersely express it, they "Go in bald-headed whiskey." While engaged in the pleasures of going in, they are ready to fight with anyone who encroaches on their freedom of personal action. When sober, they are an earnest, quiet people, brave of blood rather than combative. There is no kinship between a sinewy. quiet-spoken mountaineer and the buckskinclad, long-haired, whiskey-bloated fraud who swaggers around frontier towns, and whose existence is a never-ending search for verdant tenderfeet, to whom he talks as the hero of dime novel, hoping to be rewarded by the gift of a drink of liquor for the recital of mythical adventures in killing Indians and grizzly bears, and the display of the tying record of his prowess notehed on pistel or rifle stock, the notches having been cut while the fraud lay behind a cowshed hiding from a dunning dry goods clerk who had rashly truste him for the flashy red handkerchief tied around his whiskey-eroded gullet. The former are seldom seen by Eastern tourists. The latter obtrudes himself on them. During the summer the former are in the mountains, mining in lonely guiches, or hunting elk just below the snow line, or prospecting for trapping ground. The latter rouse themselves with difficulty from drunken stupor to swagger around the railroad stations when the passenger trains arrive. They are prospecting for tenderfeet. I know of no more interesting talkers than these trapper-hunter goldminers. Information unobtainable except from them is free-

briefly dwelt on. On your expressing a desire for trout, the locality of a mountain lake, small of area and hidden in the depths of the mountains, is revealed to you. A lake where the trout bite at salt nork! For their thick-headed donkey or ill-tempered pony they have a curious admiration. The very traits that make other men desire to kill these animals inspire these mountaineers with respect and love. The dense stupidity and obstinacy of a donkey are tenderly dwell upon, as if they were traits of character the possession of which ennobles a brute. A pony that, in addition to the tricks common to that onimal, has the dangerous one of turning overbackward when mounted by a stranger, with the sweet intention of thrusting the pom mel of the saddle through his cutrails, and merrily grinding the life out of him, is greatly admired. It may be that the love of freedom and

the dislike of steady work, which is the rating

spirit of these Ill-conditioned brutes, and

makes them willing to be beaten to death with

jagged clubs rather than to work for strangers,

are qualities that win respect from these men,

ly given. The habits of game animals, their

whereabouts, the reasons for their annual

migrations from the low to the high lands,

the various methods of trapping, all are in-

terestingly told. The finding of a quarte lead,

cropping out above the bed rock of their place

mine is merely mentioned, as gold in nugrets

found just below the reef, is displayed. The

killing of a huge bear, whose skin is shown is

The mountaineers are lovers of nature. They live in close contact with her. They understand her. Many of them are men of good education who have deliberately chosen the free life. They are, almost without exception, free thinkers; indeed, they are generally believers in annibilation after death. They are manly. 'Phor endure hardships without a murmur, and without shirking. There is no pretence of knowledge among them. They love the free life the? lead, and will at any time fight to the death for what they consider their rights. Laws passed by Congress or a Territory that encrease in the slightest degree on their time-housed privileges of mining, trapping, or timber entitied, are afterly ignored. Of laws that they consider just they are strict observers. For instance no matter how sorely pressed by hunger they would not kill a branded steer. I have kneed of cattle imprisoned by snow in a meanian valley—cattle that were sure to die betere ble snow melted—and one of these men whe was trapping beaver in the valley, putting of heliong Norwegian snowshoes, and entrying else ment twelve miles on his back pussuing these cattle not a half mile from his cation and ble killing of which would never have been discovered. He would not kill them because they wore branded, nor would be skin them when they died. Unbranded, he would have she them as he would else. These men are honest, brave, truthful. The are entitled to the respect of all applies afrom men who know them; and they have if by Congress or a Territory that encreach in PRANK WILLIAMS

What a Moscow Professor Noted in America

From the Atheniestic Prof. Kovaletsky of Moscow, who have turned from a three months tour in the succession has passed through Loudon on his war to be sufficient. Russia. His report on the negro schools and and the condition of the colored population whole, encouraging, though he still found we. the South declaring that they would shout who attempted to vote against their capitalate count of the negro preacher's across on Joshua thorse that "the sun do move" was account of the ation of certain Northern peculiarities 9

ished him.
The Englishness of Roston and Cambridge Earth atrixing. The political feeling of the South To by a lady's answer to a question about A mievery one in the father of the committee was able; and it is a fash which the visitor, we where evidence of the forward movement of the leader